

New Mexico Mining

The development of the great resources in the new state is just now the theme of converse and mutual exchange by the intelligent promoters who are pledged with a vision of the immensity of the state resources, and the fruition of pioneer work. Prospecting for gold in human hearts, and the development of the soul wealth of citizenship stands foremost among the interests of promoters who would make the name of New Mexico high in the annals of the nation and the world. A masterly discourse recently delivered on the public rostrum adds luster to the vast possibilities in soul mining and is given herewith:

The greatest Miner of Souls, two thousand years ago, said unto one of his disciples, who was curious as to the like-work of another—"What is that to these? follow them!" But sometimes many of us have been so intent upon watching the lives of our Christian neighbors that we have lost the way.

For out on the trail we have lost our way, sometimes through self-interests, sometimes while chasing the phantom, ambition, sometimes through trying to amass wealth or lay on more of the trappings of life, often through self-indulgence or indifference—always through gross selfishness and too often through indifference.

Does this apply, any of it, to you—to me? Have we been so busy about our own affairs that the real life we live is one thing and our religion another? Have we been in earnest—or have we been playing the role of the Good Samaritan and living the life of the Pharisee?

Tis twenty centuries since the Master Miner gave us a splendid vision of the inexhaustible mines of gold and silver. He gave us chart, compass and tools. Yet, today all over this great world there are vast unexplored regions and we see only to have touched the surface of the areas we have preempted. Is it because the chart is confusing or unreliable? No, we have not taken time to consult it for ourselves, but we allow others to interpret for us. Is the compass untrue—but the needle points toward unpleasant paths, paths that lead one oftentimes into weary ways where deepest shadows lie? and we turn aside into the sunlit meadows and lo, when we turn again, the sun has gone down, the path has grown steep and rugged and we cry aloud for we lost our compass. Tools? He has given us, but we want different ones; we refuse Him the use of these. He gave us, and so today, many of us have lost the trail.

In looking beyond the seas, at the masses there awaiting enlightenment, we have overlooked the hungry multitudes in the homeland.

Shall we go prospecting in our own country? In the southland, where in nature everything grows in beautiful profusion, we find the patriarchal mountaineer bearing the marks and demarcations of life's hard struggle; we know he has never been given the chart, the compass or the tools with which to mine his way into the kingdom of Heaven. There, too, we find the erstwhile slave groping through centuries of ignorance and oppression groping toward the light, the light which dazzles and bewilders him, because he has no guide. In the southland too we find the toiling thousands—many of them mere babies—who have no time to consult a chart, because they, the babies, must keep the looms weaving and the spindles whirling. We approach one fair-haired, basic and ask her name "Jeanie," she replies, "How long have you worked here, Jeanie?" Quickly she answers, "Three years, four months, six weeks comin' first of July." We innocently pursue our quest. "How old are you, Jeanie?" "Lemme see—I'll be 15 the tenth of next September." "What do you earn per day?" "Now, I'm gettin' fifty cents a day—she answers as she jumps down from her perch, dashes to some flying spindles; promptly replacing the tall spool with an empty one, then ties a broken thread and after looking along the long row of whirling spools, she sets back to the task of chewing gum which we had so raptly intended to a new short years hence will be a mother, a maker of men, an educator of women. Will she be equipped?

This condition is also found in our greatest factories and mills of the east. The twentieth century mother rises with the dawn, prepares a fragrant meal, packs a cold potato in her lunch basket with, perhaps a pickle and a slice of dry bread, and goes forth in the twilight of the morning, leaving the pony

Baby's Voice

Every woman's heart responds to the charm and sweetness of a baby's voice, because nature intended her for motherhood. But even the loving nature of a mother shrinks from the ordeal because such a time is regarded as a period of suffering and danger. Women who use Mother's Friend are saved much discomfort and suffering, and their systems, being thoroughly prepared by this great remedy, are in a healthy condition to meet the time with the least possible suffering and danger. Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers; it is in no sense a remedy for various ills, but its many years of success, and the thousands of endorsements received from women who have used it are a guarantee of the benefit to be derived from its use. This remedy does not accomplish wonders but simply assists nature to perfect its work. Mother's Friend allays nausea, prevents caking of the breasts, and in every way contributes to strong, healthy motherhood. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers.

Mother's Friend

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

baby in the arms of a ten-year-old child.

Is there need of missionary mining in the glorious mountains of the southwest? Is there need of missionary mining among the employers and employees of the gigantic mills along the Atlantic coast?

Is there need of missionary mining in Chicago? Forty-nine different languages and twenty-five foreign homes were recorded in the annals of just one settlement home in one season.

But we will come nearer home. In the west and southwest, what do we find? Shifting, drifting, restless masses of humanity who, having read the modern Arabian Nights, fables published to the many promoters of various lands and schemes have been irresistibly drawn to come and see for themselves. How are they met with open arms of hospitality, with the cordial hand grasp, with the love that expresses in look, word and act—the gospel of the Master Miner? These homeless, lonely, dissolute and many times destitute ones find themselves face to face with the stone sphinxes of the new world—the Sphinxes of Indifference and Intolerance.

What about the Orientals in the west, the Chinese and Japanese? What about the negro? What about the red man? What about the apathetic face of our own Mexican brother and sister—does it not haunt you sometimes?

Is there need of missionary mining in this great west and southwest?

Of what avail is this prospecting tour shall we develop the mines, or shall we sweep aside all arguments, close our eyes, stop our ears and like the Pharisees of old say, "Lord, we are not as others."

After all, is it worth while to trouble ourselves about present conditions?

As long as we keep our own lives clean, as long as we earn our own bread and butter, support our own houses, benevolent societies, etc., should we be troubled? Our influence is surely good and if everybody would only do likewise, these conditions would not exist. So, in our self-righteousness, we settle back among upholstered cushions, sing psalms, repeat forms of prayer and bidden our hearts against those who do not follow in our footsteps.

Have you ever experienced the joy and satisfaction of real missionary mining? Have you ever taken the diamond drill of truth and through instant and persistent tapping entered into the depths of another life? Then, give you with careful, cautious hand of love placed therein the dynamite of the gospel of the Master Miner? And as the Holy Spirit drew near with lighted torch, have you not been amazed to see old habits, traditions, vice and sin blotted out of a life? Have you not marvelled at the revelation? For underneath all the debris of years, hidden to all, but the Master Miner, there lay the rich vein of pure gold? Gold to be mined by the Master; gold, that when refined, coined and stamped with His own superscription, circulates the gospel message, carries the gospel love and the gospel light into the darkest mines of the earth.

Letters from earnest workers in foreign fields give glowing accounts of the joy with which they are received.

The experiences of these missionaries prove that the old-time power of the Master Miner has not waned; it proves that today in this materialistic age His word in the one potent and virile force useful to form, transform and reform nations, races and individuals alike. Why is not the work of the home missionary as effective?

One reason is, that the home worker takes a surface survey and then moves on to a more attractive region; he does not drill deeply enough; is too impatient for immediate results, tries to do things in his own strength and egotism, and while intent upon the drill forgets the source of power.

The truth is, too often there is a detachment between his own soul and the vital truth and power.

The home missionary gives up too easily; he is not willing to search for the joys of living at life's best?

Do we make it possible for them to enjoy different social conditions?

When we learn through a bureau of investigation that nine-tenths of the young women who have become victims to the white slave trade, were forced into an immoral life—do we ask the government for means, power, men and women with which to annihilate this deadly foe to our peace and progress? Yet, the government quickly appropriates large sums to aid in eradicating the tick from the cattle in the south.

Are we so busy taking care of cattle that we must neglect the mother of the voter? Is it not of paramount importance that the girls of today—mothers of tomorrow—should have first consideration in politics, education and social movements?

Six million women in the United States are working from eight to twelve hours per day in the industrial world. They must compete with strong men who for generations have been trained and equipped to do battle with commercial conditions. While this new condition gives to woman more of an opportunity for personal development, it also places her in an entirely new environment. She must adjust herself to the regime, she must at the same time match her wits and strength against the keen mentality and rugged force of her brother. Her relationship is changed; she is now a separate individuality. The social life of the new woman is quite a different matter from that of her grandmother and requires different treatment.

How is the girl of today meeting these conditions? Is she equal to the demands made upon her? Is she adjusting herself to the new life in a manner to win approval? Bravely as Joan of Arc, she is meeting the new complex, perplexing conditions; how bravely, only a few of us know. She needs help; she needs guidance; she needs sympathetic understanding friends. For sometimes, the current flows strong and swift, and unless a steady hand is near, she is whisked into the rapids, towed under—and lost!

The constant increasing malignant influences at play around the young women in the commercial world, daily attracted the attention of number of Christian mothers. They realized they could only cope with this hydra-headed monster through organized effort; hence, the Young Women's Christian Association came into being. This was fifty years ago; today in the United States alone there is a membership of 7,000,000.

The work is established on an economic basis. It has for its aim the highest development of young womanhood. It believes in symmetrical development; it believes that preventive measures are more effective, more far-reaching, cost less and save future generations better than to wait until evils are full-grown and then attempt to use drastic measures.

Recognizing the four-fold nature of woman, it strives to supply the needs—socially, physically, mentally and spiritually—always allowing the young woman to retain her independence and self-respect by contributing within her means to the support of the organization, viz., she pays one dollar per year for membership; this includes many privileges.

The Young Women's Christian Association endeavors to aid young women who wish to lead good, useful lives

majority of girls after reaching the third or fourth grade leave to marry. If these conditions remain undiminished, what kind of homes will the new state boast? What can be said of the intelligence of the future voters? Do you know that many of the fourteen-year-old boys and girls in your own mountain have no conception of the world in which they live? That they cannot tell the picture of a chain of mountains from that of a piano?

However, we are more concerned regarding a claim which we have staked out to promote and develop. We wish to interest you in rich mineralized mines of rare gems, mines of gold, mines of silver, mines of copper and even mines of iron. They are in our immediate vicinity and the development and conservation of these mines will mean far more to our country, to future generations than all our national forests, than all the mighty forces of science, than all philosophies, than all that education or art can do for us in this present day and the working of these mines will bring to our nation, to our state, more wealth than that of the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, the Astors or the Vanderbilts.

The young women of this great community may be so protected, so educated, so developed and so cherished, as to produce a Republic of great mothers, who will rival the Spartan mothers.

We become very much excited over the rapid spread of tuberculosis and we find means whereby to pray and scatter quantities of literature which will educate the people and teach them how to arrest the spread of the terrible white plague.

But we do cry out in alarm when we learn that leprosy has been brought under an honored name—that disgrace hangs like a pall above the fair names of a family that has stood for generations as the symbol of purity and integrity. Instead, we find the public really curious, scanning the long columns which relate each detail of the ruin—holding its wide head and saying, "I told you so, we are better than other folks." And we quietly permit the insidious influences which caused the disaster to take new bearings, creep forward apace and seek other victims.

What we hear of the spread of the social diseases of immorality amongst the wealthy, the poor, the foreigners, the negroes and our own Mexican—everywhere honey-combing the national character—what do we do? Do we print quantities of literature and distribute it broadcast—warning, educating and exposing? Do we print literature that tells our young girls the truth about these things? Are they told that immorality leads to the insane asylum; that in a few short years, after extricating suffering they are thrown on the ash heaps of humanity, despised and unloved?

Do we offer our young men and women something better than the abnormal life? Do we teach them morality?

Do we provide places where they can practice wholesome, pure, healthful exercise for body and mind? Do we make attractive the same, moral life?

Do we vividly portray the joys of living at life's best?

Do we make it possible for them to enjoy different social conditions?

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Is it not of paramount importance that the girls of today—mothers of tomorrow—should have first consideration in politics, education and social movements?

The attention of the public is called to the following service: 11 a.m., preaching by the pastor. His subject will be an estimate of "The Value of a Soul." In the evening at 7:30 the Rev. S. Alonso Bright, D. D. will occupy the pulpit. All who have ever heard Dr. Bright know his messages are worth hearing. The Sunday school meets at 9:45 a.m., D. A. Portenier, superintendent. If a stranger, you will find a welcome here. Juniper League under the superintendence of Miss Edith Garby at 3 p.m. Epworth League devotional service at 6:30 p.m. Morris Leaming, leader.

First Presbyterian Church, Corner Fifth street and Silver ave-

to fill their lives as full of the meaningful and inspiring things that there will be no room, nor desire, for inferior things. It seeks to give the girl center of diversion within herself which repels the very advances of evil. Through this agency, she is taught self-respect, self-reverence, self-reliance and self-control. Her possibilities are boundless noble ambitions encouraged and made possible to attain; wholesome devices created which takes on new interests and she forgets the evitable allurements which soon induced always bring remorse and regret. It is

through the gymnasium, cafeteria, rest room and baths, her body is strengthened and nourished; through social frolics, entertainments and tea courses she receives recreation; is released from the weary tension of the day and enjoys delightful and understanding friends. Through classes in domestic art and science, she is equipped to become a home maker; through classes in literature, science, art, music, etc., she stores up resources within herself and her many facilities are developed through the library and reading room, she keeps abreast with the world's movements; through the Bible classes, wherein study classes and vesper services, she receives a vision of the ideal life, and is given a spiritual uplift.

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First Methodist Episcopal, Corner Lead avenue and South Third street; Charles Oscar Beckman, pastor; Miss Edith Garby, deaconess.

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First Baptist, Corner Fourth and Broadway; Jessie J. Runyan, pastor. At the morning service the pastor will preach

The Churches

Congregational Church.

Corner Coal Avenue and Broadway, east end of Victoria. Raymond B. Tothet, minister. Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; morning worship, 11 o'clock; vesper hour, 6:30 p.m.; young people's hour, 6:30 p.m.

The services for Sunday October 8th are presented to the worshippers with the hope that spirit and inspiration may come to all who attend. We expect the Rev. Edward S. Tead of Boston to be with us and occupy the pulpit in the morning. If he is not here the minister will present a message on "The Conservation of Character" at the morning hour and at the vesper hour he will present a devotional address on "The Shepherd and His Psalm." We call special attention to the fact that Mrs. H. V. Winchester will appear in solo songs both in the morning hour and at the vesper service at 4:30 Sunday afternoon.

The ladies of this church expect to serve luncheon next Thursday October 12th opposite Rosenwald's store on Central Avenue. This is done to help the work of the Congregational church. All patronage of the public will be deeply appreciated.

Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the quarterly communion of the church will be celebrated. Quite a large group will be received into the membership of the church at this service; appropriate music will be rendered and it will be most impressive and spiritual service.

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